

Flutter Away

by capricious star

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Summary: A nice, symbolic, sweet little vignette from Sirius' POV . .
. in Azkaban . . NOT depressing . . surprise, surprise . . .
=)

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> <p> I was sitting in my cell, watching the full moon play her unearthly radiance across the floor. I wondered where Lupin was tonight. And that foul Pettigrew . . . my fists clenched and unclenched at the thought of him, but as a dementor passed by, I relaxed. I didn't want him to stay next to my door.<p>

I wondered for the ten thousandth time why I was here. It wasn't like there was anything to do, but I had plenty of time to think, so I thought. I tried not to think happy thoughts, but not tragic ones either. Just a few . . . somewhere in the middle. Not cheering, but not gloomy and dejected.

I remembered back in my first year, when Professor McGonagall had assigned us to do a poem on your House, and about its history. Everyone had to do it, but mine came to me just like that. I'd always found it easy to put words together fittingly in my head, and so I used that talent then.

Ever since that time, I started to get into poetry writing. I closed my eyes, laid my weary head against the cold stone floor, and remembered one I'd written.

Take Away Your Sorrow

Let me take your sorrow

> Let me drink your tears
 Let me clasp your hands

> Let me wash away your tears<p>

But alas, it is much too late

> But alas, your time has come
 But alas, you must leave

> But alas, your problems ----
 Unresolved.

You are gone, and there

> Is nothing left.
 You are gone, for it is you

> Who used to be me.
 You are gone, forever

> And nothing is left.
 You are gone like a wisp

> Of smoke.<p>

There is nothing I can say,

> Nothing I can do
 To make you stay.

> The only thing I can bid
 To you is,

> "Goodbye."<p>

I winced slightly at that. That had been when I was still young . . . and reckless. I'd met James Potter then, because our poems had been chosen as the two best. Second to none, both of ours.

I looked again at the beautiful moon beams, which had become fainter and fainter while the cell had grown lighter and lighter. The moon-set, which sounded awkward, and the sunrise. Slowly the sun rays replaced the moonbeams, replacing white with gold. Gold . . . one of the colors of the Gryffindor House. _The sun and the moon, night and day, each having its own turn, each having its own place . . . _

I began to form another poem in my head unconsciously, the words rising and fitting into place as if directed there. Soon I had a complete, beautiful piece of literature. I spotted an old, worn, dirty napkin that the dementors had left. Looking around for some sort of writing material, I spotted a chunk of dirt and tanbark lying around. Holding it unsteadily in my hand, I began to briefly scribble something down.

Hope

Never fear, my child, for there is always Hope.

> Whether you can see it, whether you can not
 There is always an angel to guide you on your way

> To look, to seek, to find a better way
 To ease you in all your childhood pain.

The work of an angel is to make you see

> The light, the Faith, of love and equality.
 Where there is Hope, there is always an angel to guide you

> And where there is NO hope, there are angels
 Fighting to give you hope

And as the poet Emily Dickinson once said,

> "Hope has wings."<p>

Amen to that.

I couldn't think of anything else, so I turned the scrap of paper

back over and tried to calm down again as another dementor passed by. As the dementor passed by, I quietly concentrated on creeping over the floor and placing the tanbark back in its original place and closed my eyes.

"Sirius." A quiet voice shook me awake from my dreams . . . in my dream. A white-clothed figure was standing in front of me in pure radiance. A calm and peaceful aura washed over me, contrary to all the cold feelings of a dementor.

"Who . . . who are you?" I asked tentatively.

She smiled sadly, shaking her head. "I'm sorry, Sirius, for all that our deaths have caused you. But I want to thank you for that poem you wrote, it was truly a work of art."

"L-Lily?" I stuttered. "But-but where is James?"

"Here," a manly voice answered. I looked up and another angel was standing there. They both briefly smiled and a shudder passed over me. I looked sideways and saw a scabbed, gray hand pushing food through the bars. I looked back and saw two butterflies fluttering away, out my window.

"No, no," I called out. "Please stay, please, please!"

No one would take notice of my raving. I would, of course, be counted as mad.

Looking back at the paper, I received a small shock. It was gone.

But I was at peace. Nothing mattered anymore. I closed my eyes and finally settled into a light, pleasant nap, where breezes brushed my hair from my face and my mother once more called me back from my frolics of youth . . . and there were two small white butterflies fluttering away . . . _away . . . away . . . _

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file.